HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

Day-stars that ope your frowcless eyes to twickle

From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew drops on her lonely altar#sprinkle
As a libation.

Ye matin worshipers! who bending lowly Before the uprisen sun, God's lidiess eye, Thrown from your chalices a sweet and holy Incense on high.

Ye bright Mosales! that with storied beauty, The floor of Nature's temple tossulate— What numerous embiens of instructive duty Your forms create!

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth, And tolis its perfume on the passing air, Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch an actions and solution of the feebleness of mortal hand.

Attest the feebleness of mortal hand, and solution to that face most catholic and solution Which God hath planned.

To that cathedral boundiess as our wonder, Whose quenchiess lamps the sun and moon supply— Its choir the wind and waves—its organ thun-Its dome the sky.

There as in solitude and shade I wander, Through the green aisles, or stretched up the sod, Awed by the solema, reverently ponder fre ways of God,

Your voiceless lips, on flowers! are living Your volcates appropriate preachers, preachers, Each cup a puipit, every leaf a book, Applying to my fancy numerous teachers From ioneliest nook.

Fioral apostical that in dewy splendor, Weep without woe, and biush without crime, Oh may i deeply learn, and ne'er surrender Your love subilme!

Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy glory "Arrayed,"—the lilles cry—"in robes like ours, How vain your grandeur! ah, how transitory Are buman flowers!"

In the sweet scented pictures, heavenly artist.
With which thou paintest nature's widewhat a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all!

Not useless are ye flowers! though made for pleasure: Blooming o'er field and wave by day and From every source your sanction bids me treasure Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors heary For such a world of thought could furnish scope? Each fading callx a memento mori, Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection! Upraised from seed or bulb interred in Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
And second birth.

Were I in churchless solitudes remaining.
Far from all voice of teachers and divines.
My soul would find in flowers of God's ordaining.
Priests, sermons, shrines!

- Horace Smith.

### THE LILAC.

I feel too tired and too old
Long rambles in the woods to take,
To seek the cowslip's early gold,
And search for violets in the brake;
Nor can I, as I used to, bend
My little bed of flowers to tend;
Where grew my seented pinks, to-day
The creeping witch-grass has its way.

But when my door i open wide
To breathe the warm, sweet air of spring
The fragrance comes in like a tide,
Great purple plumes before me swing;
For looking in close by the door,
The liac blossoms as of yore;
The earliest flower my childhood knew
Is to the gray, worn woman true.

Dear common tree that needs no care,
Whose rootin any soil will live,
How many a dreary spot grows fair
With thy spring charm thy clusters give!
The narrow court-yard in the town
Knows thy sweet fragrance, and the brown
Low, hill-side farm-house nides its caves
Beneath the gray-green of thy leaves.

Loosed by the south wind's gentle touch,
In perfumed showers thy blossoms fall;
Thou asketh little, givest much;
Thy lavish bloom is free to all;
And even I shut in, shut out,
From all the sunny world about,
Find the first flower my childhood knew,
Is to the gray, worn woman true.

Marian Douglas.

# ONLY A BRAKEMAN

'Accident.—An extra freight train on the B. & C R. R. was wrecked, last night, by a broken bridge, just beyond Carlyle. A son of the Hon. Carlton Ballou was on the train, but fortunately escaped injury. A brakeman by the name of Marshall was the only person killed.'

It was only a short dispatch cast into a corner of the morning paper amid a score or two of others, but it interested me, for I knew the whole brave story so well, and I felt in my heart almost a hatred for the writer, who had done such injustice to a noble life and overlooked so grand a deed.

I was only the night telegraph-operator at Carlyle-not a very exalted posiator at Carlyle—not a very examen posi-tion, perhaps, but yet one of considera-ble responsibility and trust. From seven in the evening until the same hour in the morning I held in the hol-low of my hand the life of almost every man passing over our division of the road. I remember one night, when I was sitting alone in my little crampedup office and listened, from mere force of habit, to the varied messages as they went clicking by to the other stations in the road. The last train for several hours -the freight-accommodation from Brighton-had been in for some time, and I had nothing to disturb me but my thoughts. 'Weil, Billy, how's No. 5?' a voice suddenly asked, as the

outside door was pushed ajar.
'One hour late,' I replied, hastly, and then, looki g up, I saw Tom Marshall, a brakeman on the last freight, filling up the doorway. Come inside and have a chair, Tom, I added, as I rec-

ed upon my table where the instrument was ticking away.

I think they're mistaken about that, sage came through in jerks from the Billy, but Ballou has more opportunities. Division Superintendent at Baltou:

than I can enjoy,' he replied, very slowly. 'I only get in here two nights week, you know, I do the best I can.'

'Then it is serious. Tom?' I asked, for I liked this broad-shouldered, fairhaired fellow, brakeman though he was. 'I'm afraid it is with me, Billy,' he

replied, his eyes gazing steadfastly at the lantern between his feet, 'But, good-night; I must go; will see you again as I come in.' And the heavy door closed behind him.

As I sat there alone in the office after he had gone, I thought of all these things—thought them over again and again. I had known Tom for two years, and I liked the boy. I knew, or thought I knew, Kate Carr, up in the big white house on the hill. A proud girl enough in her way—proud of her father's riches, ker own beauty, and the dozen suitors who had knelt at her feet. Ever since Tom first sought her society I wonder-ed at his welcome. It seemed so strange a thing to me that one so proud of her position, so thoroughly a slave of society as Kate Carr appeared to be, should so openly encourage the attentions of a freight brakeman-a man of whose family connections we knew nothing, and whose only wealth was his monthly pay. Still Tom was a young and good-looking fellow enough, and perhaps, after all, she was a little vain at having so handsome a suitor, even though so peop to add to her even though so poor, to add to her lengthy string of victims. I never could believe that she had the heart to return his great, honest love, and be willing, in exchange, to sacrifice all her hopes and pride for his sake; and then, besides, rumor had it that George Ballou, the son of a rich banker of a neighboring town had already gained her promise, and, from many little things

which had fallen under my notice. I

began to believe that rumor for once

was right. And Tom loved her, and I thought it over all night when I was

not busy, and wondered in my own

heart how it would end.

Tom never came back to the depot that night, though I looked for him, and his train left eastward while I was taking my breakfast at the only hotel the place afforded, and I caught but a glimpse of him as they swung round the curve. I afterwards heard the whole story from his lips, but I can tell it best for myself. From his car he passed up the long hill to where the lights of the Carr mansion were twinkling among the trees, determined to learn his fate from Kate's own lips that very night. The parlor windows were dark when he ascended the stone steps and rang the bell, and the servant who answered it, recognizing his face, told him he would find Miss Kate in the garden. In the moonlight, dreaming the ever new dream of love, he passed with quick step down the graveled path by the well trimmed flower-beds to where the summer-house, thickly shaded by clinging vines, stood at the further end. This was his favorite resting place, and many a pleasant hour was passed there with her—his idol, his queen. As he approached now, he was surprised to hear, borne on the still night air, the tone of voices in earnest conversation. In all Tom's nature there was nothing cowardly, nothing base; but his own name, spoken in a man's deep voice, caused him to halt almost without knowing he did so.

'I naturally supposed from all I saw and heard that you cared for Tom Mar-

It was almost a question, and the si-

bent forward to catch the low tones of the reply. 'Oh, George, how could you? Why,

he's nothing but a freight brakeman! What would papa say if he heard that?' It was the soft tender voice of Kate. 'And you truly only cared for me,

darling? 'I only loved you, George.'

That was all; and the strong man that listened, whose only crime was poverty, turned back quietly in the darkness—turned back through the low hedge and out into the moonlit road, with pale face and heavy heart. He had loved her with all the giant strength of his strong manly nature—he never knew how much before, as he did now, alone in bis misery, his suffering, and those heartless, stinging words, 'He is only a freight-brakeman,' ringing in his ears with every step he took. He was poor, was nothing but a brakeman, had neither wealth nor lineage of which to boast; but, after all, he was a man, and like one he suffered his loss-suffered through the long still night, patiently and silently.

As the long Summer days faded into the shorter ones of early Fall, and his train passed back and forth by the sta-tion on its daily trips, I watched Tom, and, knowing so much as I did, I could read his sufferings, though he tried so bravely to hide it all and appear out-wardly as cheerful and light-hearted as ever. Poor Tom! the blow was a hard one struck by her little hand, and the strong man bent beneath it, whether he would or no.

It was nearly Winter when the end finally came, and that ending was in-deed terrible. For several week's heavy ognized the face of my questioner.
Only a moment, to-night, he answered me, as he sat down at my invitation, his lantern resting between expressed by railway officials about the his feet on the floor. I have a call to make this evening, and must wash up and Farmersville, the next station east. a little first.'

All along these few miles there were heavy grades and numerous small bridges and culverts already loosened by previous storms. That night when I went on duty it was raining hard—a cold, bitter rain, half-sleet, blown here "Of course it's none of my business, my boy, but it seems to me you go to the great white house too often of late. Ballou might object, and 'tis said there in gusts of heavy wind. The night itself was intensely black from swiftly scudding clouds, broken now and they're engaged, you know,' and I looked up at his strong Saxon face from where I lay stretched on a bench by the wall.

If think they're mistaken about that

"Opr., Carlyle.
"Send Bond with extra east, to report trace at Farmersville for No. 2. Move cautiously.
"W. B. C."

Bond was Tom's conductor, and handed the order to him immediately.

An engine was ready at hand, and they soon had the short train of ten cars made up in the yard. Just as the engine backed down from the tank and was being coupled on, George Ballou, muffled to his chin, and holding a small leather value in his hand, came hurriedly around the edge of the depot building. 'Bond' he said to the con-ductor, who stood there with his lan-tern raised to give the signal for starting. I want to go down with you. I must be home to-night.'
Bond looked around rather surprised

at the request. 'We're more than like ly to be wrecked before ever we get there, Mr. Ballou, he said, quickly

But, if you must go, take your own risk and get on. I don't care.'
Ballou, don't go!'—it was Tem's voice speaking very low. 'Take my advice, for there's not one chance in ten of our going through to-night without trouble

'But I must go,' came the answer.
'My mother has been taken ill—a telegram just received.'

'Wait for 'No. 2,' then-that will be

nearer daylight."

'Yes and it might be too late. No
I must go to-night, danger or not. Surely I may risk it if you can!"

'I have no one to think of but myself.' The words were almost lost in
the wind.' 'You have Kate, and it is
my duty to go, not yours." And the
brakeman regretfully turned away.
Only a moment did Ballou gaze after his lantern, as it went flickering down the wet platform and then as the short train started he stepped into the ca-boose, and I leaned from my seat to watch Tom swing up on the little iron ladder and mount to the top.

Just exactly how it all happened to-day I do not know, but at the bottom

of the second grade the earth had been washed away from beneath the rails, and they hung almost unsupported just below the surface of the water. Thundering down the grade in the rain and night, every brakeman at his post on the top, the great freight engine plung-ed into the water and went crashing down. Car after car was piled up there and hurled to one side down into the ravine. Clinging to a brake just back of the engine, and peering ahead through the storm, his hands wrenched clear by the shock, Tom was hurled outward into the air. The crash stan-ned him, but the cold water into which he fell revived him again, and he crawled out from the debris on to the bank and worked his way back towards what

should be the rear end of the train. When the first terrible crash came the caboose had been pitched violently forward and then flung down, and now hung tremblingly suspended upon a single timber of the culvert, which trembled and threatened each moment to part and let the battered car fall on to the ragged rocks below.

'Is there any one hurt Cal?' Tom asked, anxiously, as he finally found the conductor standing alone in the rain beside the track.

'No; all out safe, I think close call. though, Tom; awful wreck! I never saw a worse in thirty years!' 'Help me! help!'

The cry rang out shrill and agoniz-ing from the suspenped caboose below

'Help! I'm wedged in! Quick!' was Ballou's voice be 'Give me the axe!' and seizing the weaponTom sprang out upon the tottering car and dropped down through a shattered window. He knew the slender, trembling timber could not sustain that weight long. He knew he was going to almost certain death. He knew a moment's delay might rid him of one who had won from him the woman he but he forgot it all. He knew a mo-ment's delay and all of George Ballou would be a dead, mangied body. But he never hesitated, never doubted what to do. He was only a brakeman, but he was willing to sacrifice his own life, wreck his own happiness, to save the man Kate Carr loved. A martyr, you say —a hero. No; how could he be?—you

forget he was but a freight brakeman.
Here, quick! he cried, as with a few rapid blows he cut aside the broken seat which pinned his rival to the floor of the car.

'Quick!' for he felt the car settling. and heard the groaning of the timber giving way. 'Cal, catch him!' and grasped by strong hands, Ballou was drawn up through the broken window to the ground above, and then, with a lurch and crash of breaking timbers, the heavy car plunged downward on to the rocks, splintered on their sharp points and dashed to pieces. Just as the morning came, they

found Tom lying there, crushed out of all shape, between two great timbers. They brought him up to the depot and laid him reverently in the great ladies' waiting-room, and, as the rail-road men bore him by my window, some one in the crowd said:

'How luckly that only a brakeman was killed."

Some way it seems to me that great-hearted Tom Marshal has gone home to a Father who never looks to the grimy clothes and the weather-beaten faces of His children, but rewards them according to their deeds. If so, his must be an exceedingly great reward. -Ex.

The icebergs off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland have seriously interfer-ed with the fishermen this season.

MERITED PROMOTION.

Gen. Godfrey Weitzel Leaves the Lakes and is Now Lieutenant Colonel of Engineers

Gen. Godfrey Weitzel having been romoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel of Engineers, is about remov-Colonel of Engineers, is about removing to headquarters at Philadelphia.
Gen. Weltzel occupies a prominent place in the military records of the United States. He graduated from West Point, and was appointed Brevet Second Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, July 1, 1855; Second Lieutenant, July, 1856; First Lieutenant, 1860; Captain, March, 1863; Major, August, 1866, and Lieutenant Colonel Sune 1882. When the war of the rebellion broke out he the war of the rebellion broke out he served in defense of his country, and his rank during the conflict was as follows: Brigadier General, August, 1862; Brevet Major General, November. 1866. Brevet Major General, November. 1866.
Before the war he was assistant engineer in the construction of the defense of the approach to New Orleans from 1855 to 1859, and Assistant Professor of Engineering in the West Point Academy from 1859 to 1861.
During the war he was in the garrison with engineer troops at Washington from January to April, 1861; in the defense of Ft. Pickens to October, 1861; chief engineer to Gen. Mitchell. at chief engineer to Gen. Mitchell, at Cincinnati, to December, 1861; with the engineer battalion in the Army of the Potomac to February, 1862; chief engineer in the expedition to New Orleans; in command of volunteers in various campaigns and expedition; in Louisiana and Texas in May, 1864; with the Army of the James until May, 1865, and in command of the District of the Rio Grande until February, 1866. His services since the war have been as follows: On fortification duty in New England until June, 1867; on river improvement and canal construction at Louisville until May 1, 1873, and on river and harbor works and lighthouse service at Detroit since then. On numerous boards of engineers, during the last sixteen years on river and harbor improvements, canal construction, and bridges across navigable streams. The following brevets were received by him during the war: Brevet Major, Oct. 27, 1862; Brevet Lieutenant Colonei, July 8, 1863; Brevet Colonel, Sept. 27, 1864; Brigadier and Major General, March 13, 1865.

During the nine years General Weitzel has been stationed in Detroit he has expended in the neighborhood of \$5,-000,000 in river and harbor improvements in the district he had in charge.

## The Nicaraguan Canal Scheme.

The house committee on foreign affairs has begun consideration of Representative Rosecrans' bill which provides for the incorporation of the Maritime canal company of Nicaragua. The first section of the bill which names the incorporators was not concluded when the hour of adjournment arrived. The incorporators proposed by the bill are U. S. Grant, E. D. Morgan, H. J. Jewett, Howard Potter, William R. Garrison, Frederick Billings, Geo. B. Loring, Wm. L. Merry, Wm. B. Franklin, Solon Humphries, Frederick Butterfield, J. Thomas Defranco, James R. Keene, Richard Ten Broeck, E. F. Beale, Wm. Dennison, Edward C. Anderson, Daniel Ammen, Geo. F. Baker, Alexander Taylor, U. S. Grant, Jr., Wm. H. Barnum, E. F. Riggs, Edward M. Clymer, A. G. Menocal, Charles Dana, Robert Harris, Manual Candra, Edward T. Smith, Jas. H. Work and S. L. Phelps. The bill pro-vides among other things that the capital stock shall consist of not less than 500,000 nor more than 1,000,000 shares of \$150 each, which shall in all respects be deemed personal property; that the United States shall exercise such control over the canal as is now or may at any time be prescribed by treaty with Nicaragua and shall enjoy its free use for the transportation of troops, munitions of war and mails, and otherwise in accordance with stipulations in existing treaties, and if the United States see fit for national reasons to temporarily occupy and manage said canal the right to do so is reserved and secured to the government upon payment to the stockholders of the canal at the rate of 5 per centum annually upon the capital invested together with the necessary expenses for the maintenance of the

# The Naming of Nantucket.

Names are important things in this earthly career of ours, and one humorous correspondent accounts for the name of Nantucket as follows: The oldest inhabitant, who owned the group of islands of which this is one, gave them to his daughters ere he died. Rhoda took Rhode Island, Elizabeth took the island since named for her, Martha took and named Martha's Vineyard, and as for the remaining island, Nan-took-it. This interesting legend has not the merit of antiquity, as it can be traced back no further than 1870.

There is another and more beautiful legend. The Indian tradition is that the Great Spirit was once smoking when He partly filled His pipe with sand. When the mixed remains were emptied from the pipe into the sea they formed the island of Nantucket. The name is said to be an Indian modification of Nautikon, a name left by the Norsemen who visited it in the eleventh century. The best authority pronounces it a corruption of an Indian word meaning "far away". It is called Natocko on the map of 1630.

Nantucket has many New Yorkers domiciled in the quaint old place, and the inhabitants think of applying to congress for a charter to run a fashionable seaside resort for the clita. Said in preventing vessels from entering the canal as a violation of its neutrality able seaside resort for the elite. "What's the canal as a violation of its neutrality the elite?" said one Nantucker; "'taint no use havin' it down here, anyhow, fur we're taxed heavy 'nough now, you ble. The whole staff of the canal remain at their posts.

sister, is an alert and active business man. Both his title and his enermous fortune were won by successsful business ventures in Italy. He is now in terested in American mines and rail-ways, and expects to spend much time in this country. He was a friend of Victor Emmanuel, and has often en-tertained King Humbert at his palatial villa in Rome

Secretary Folger has appointed Representative Crowley, New York; E.P. Ellis, Milwaukee, and James G. Hill, Supervising Architect, a commission to decide upon the selection of sites for public buildings at Detroit, Minneapois and Denver.

## A CRABBED CREATURE.

That nature cares for and entertains her own has become an established fact to all observers. Who does not love the sound of the brightly scintillating waves leaple from the phosphorescent sea, as hey break against the rocks in the summer night until Nature herself, weary of the operation, turns the sounding surf towards the oppposite shore, leaving stranded some badly-mutilated small, which wanders solemuly on, Bohemian fash-

bipeds. The crab being covered with a delectable meal to fortunate bipeds. The crab being covered with a hard, impenetrable shell, it is not easy to molest or make him afraid; therefore he wages war in his watery world unceasingly when once attacked. Although tiny, he cannot be said to be devoid of understanding, having ten legs to assist his locomotion; this, however, avails him little, for, when conquered, he never turns his back to his enemy, starting into a bold run, but, like many politicians during election time, slips off sideways. There comes a time in the life of this pugnacious fellow when the years bring him more bone and muscle than he can dispose of with comfort, and he finds himself in a very tight place; his shoes pinch him and he begins to realize the practicability of applying to Dame Nature for more room or a house in proportion to his increasing size. Nature slowly responds to the call; but in her own good time provides a new home, so that the enterprising little creature does not wander about homeless, but is provided for suitably, as was the old sailor, who dropped his rheumatism and crabbedness when he applied the Great German Remedy, St. Jacoss Ott. This last, however, may sound rather fishy to the skeptical reader, and to such we would reply in language too plain to be misunderstood—in words illustrating facts that even the waves of time cannot wash away or scaly epithets affect. St. Jacoss Ott. to-day, has rendered the lives and homes of myriads of sufferers brighter than ever the electric light can, which people pause to admire along the way. Still more happily served than the old sailor was an invalid, who wrote thus concerning his case:

"CROOKED HAERTEL."

Accept a thousand thanks for that "golden remedy." I suffered for many years with rheumatic pain in my limbs. My less were drawn together, and people called me "Crooked Haertel." I used ST. Jacons Oil, and was cured, and now feel so well that I think I could dance, as in my young days. JOHN HAERTEL, Premont, 12. M. H. P. - 394

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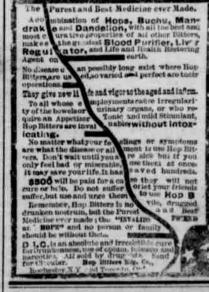
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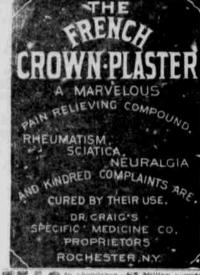
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